The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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Tiny Tokens.

I.

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away;
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs.
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow-grass
At evening fall: —
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule,
Such music is not understood
By any school;
But when the brain is overwrought,
It hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power
To make it well.

II.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak
But I have heard,"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word: —
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought;
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well! *Good News.*

THE very essence of truth is plainness and brightness, the darkness and crookedness is our own.

For the Myrtle.

How to be Happy.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS. — II.

MRS. LEWIS was awake early on the morning following Mrs. Lee's visit, and calling Helen she said,

"Come, you must be stirring if you are going to please your new mistress."

"Yes," said Helen, with a sleepy voice, "I will get up soon."

"But you must get up this moment," said her mother, "Mrs. Lee will need you as soon as she is awake this morning. There is no hour of the day that you will be more needed, than this first hour of the morning, while the children are being washed and dressed."

Helen pulled her eyes open very slowly, for she very much wished to sleep longer. But the mention of Mrs. Lee's name roused her. She remembered the pleasant voice that had spoken to her the evening before, and the resolve she then made to please this mistress if possible, and this remembrance brought her on to her feet.

As soon as she was dressed, she ran away to Mrs. Chatterton's, and coming in at the kitchen door, she said,

"Will you please show me the way to Mrs. Lee's room?"

Mrs. Chatterton was busy with her preparations for breakfast, and the interruption did not please her. Turning savagely upon the child, she said,

"What do you mean coming here before people are up in the morning."

"Why, I thought you looked as if you were up, and your voice certainly sounds as if you were," said Helen, in a tantalizing way, for Mrs. Chatterton's cross manner had vexed her.

Mrs. Chatterton seemed not to notice the saucy reply, but went on with her work, muttering to herself,

"Up! I always have to be up, early and late. There's no rest for me, from year's end to year's end."

Helen saw that she was not going to get any help from Mrs. Chatterton in getting to her new duties, so she waited until Susan the cook came into the kitchen, and asked her if she would tell her where Mrs. Lee's room was.

Susan directed her to the room, and Helen knocked softly at the door. Mrs. Lee bade her come in, in a pleasant voice, and said,

"Ah, it is my little nurse girl. You were very good to come so early in the morning. Now you can help me bathe and dress the children."

This praise pleased Helen. She felt happy now that she had made the effort to get up early, and come to her new duties.

"Oh! what a pretty baby," she said, as she lifted the little one out of the warm bed, where it lay kicking and crowing. "Shall I dress the baby first?"

"No. You may help Mattie to dress, and I will take care of the baby. I am afraid he would not like strange hands on him when he first wakes in the morning."

Helen went to help Mattie, who very willingly consented to the new maid's handling, as Helen promised to tell her some stories while she was dressing her.

In this way the children became friends, and by the time that Mrs. Lee had the baby dressed Mattie was quite ready for breakfast.

"You have very nimble fingers," said Mrs. Lee. "And have done your work very well," she continued, as she looked Mattie over, and saw that all the pins were in their places, and all the buttons were properly fastened. "You have dressed Mattie as well I could have done it myself."

These words of approval made Mattie feel very happy. She thought to herself, "I will try to be just as good as I can all day, since she tries to be so kind to me.

While Mrs. Lee was dressing, Helen played with the baby, who was lying on the bed, and before the breakfast bell rang, she had so won upon baby's good graces, that he did not object to her taking him in her arms, and Mrs. Lee was able to leave them together, while she and Mattie went down to breakfast.

This both surprised and pleased her, as her baby had always been a timid little fellow, and never willing to go to strangers, until he had been given plenty of time to make their acquaintance.

After Helen had been to breakfast, she proposed to take the children out in the open air for a little while, and Mrs. Lee was quite willing, though she said,

"Now, Helen, I am putting a great deal of confidence in you, to let you take the children away out of my sight. I have never trusted a girl with them so soon after she came to me, before I had learned by experience whether she was trustworthy or not. But I think you will not betray my confidence. I am going to allow you to go out with baby and Mattie, and believe you will take good care of them, not letting them out of your sight for a moment, and doing for them just as I would do myself if I were with them."

"I will try, ma'am," said Helen, feeling a great pleasure in this trust.

When the baby was nicely stowed away in his little carriage, and Mattie dressed for her walk, they started, with Mrs. Lee's additional caution,

"Take good care of them, Helen, and don't be gone more than an hour."

When they were out of sight of Mrs. Chatterton's house, Helen found one of her companions on the street, a little girl who had the care of a baby, and was out with it in a little carriage much like the one that Helen was managing.

The children were very glad to meet, and Helen took great pride in telling Lucy about her new place and prospects.

They compared the babies, their dresses, and carriages, and were very happy with each other.

"Which way are you going?" said Lucy.

"It makes no difference to me, which way I go, only I am not to stop in at any house with the children."

"Why not?" said Lucy.

"Because Mrs. Lee told me not to go into any house with them."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. My missus told me not to go in any where. But I'm going down to

Aunt Jane's, and if you'll come along, we'll show Aunt Jane the babies, and let her see which is the handsomest."

"I would as soon walk that way as any, but I shall not take the children into the house, when we get there."

"We'll see about that," said Lucy.

She thought that Helen could be easily persuaded when they arrived at Aunt Jane's, so she said nothing more about it, until they got to the gate, leading to the house where Aunt Jane lived. Lucy stopped at the gate, and began to take the baby, that she had care of, out from its carriage.

"Come, Helen," said she, "take out your baby, and we'll see what Aunt Jane will say to them."

"No. I will walk on, while you are gone in. I do not like to stop at any house,"

"Oh, you foolish girl. Your missus will never know it, if you come in just a minute," said Lucy.

"But it would be disobeying her, just as much, whether she knew it or not."

Lucy continued to persuade Helen, but it was of no use. For she was firm in her resolve to be good, and do all she had promised to do.

"Well, if you wont come in, let's leave the children here a minute and go in ourselves. Aunt Jane will give us some apples, I know."

"Oh, no," said Helen, "I would not leave the baby for anything. Mrs. Lee charged me not to do that."

"It seems to me you are a great fidget this morning. I've known you to leave babies scores of times before, when you was out with them."

"Well, you wont know me to leave this one."

"What's the difference?"

"Mrs. Lee trusts me as nobody ever trusted me before, and I wouldn't disobey her for the world."

"I guess you'll find being good is dull business," said Lucy, as she vanished in at Aunt Jane's door, with the baby in her arms.

E. M. B.

BEAUTY is a flower which soon withers; health changes, and strength abates; but innocency is immortal, and a comfort both in life and death. The young may die shortly, but the aged cannot live long; green fruit may be plucked off or shaken down, but the ripe will fall of itself.

Happy is He.

A lady reports this incident:

"Mrs. White had been spending the afternoon with me. She was not very cheerful company. Much of the time was spent with the story of her troubles, which, after all, seemed to me of her own making. She complained of her husband, of her children, of her pastor, and of herself.

"'O,' said Willie, after she was in the street, 'aren't you so glad she's gone?'

"'Why, Willie?' I said.

"'She is so doleful, she makes everything so dark. Is she a Christian, auntie?'

"'She professes to be,' I answered; but it was time to go to prayer meeting, and I said no more to Willie then about it. At prayer meeting we heard two or three men talk in a sad, dreary way, as you have all heard persons talk in your own prayer meeting; people who make religion seem a gloomy thing. As we walked home, Willie said, 'Auntie, are Mr. French and Mr. Brown Christians?'

"'I think so.'

"'And do they trust in the Lord? Does Mrs. White trust in him?'

"'But why do you ask?'

"'Because I read in my "Daily Food," this morning, "The man that trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." They don't seem happy a bit, and I thought they couldn't be trusting in God.'

"Was Willie right?"

Taking no Thought for the Morrow.

In thy soft arms I lay me without fear,
O gentle and mysterious Sleep!
Clothed like the lilies with God's tender care,
Silently I drift upon the soundless deep
That flows around my conscious life,
Marring the perfect will with no vain strife,
Trusting with childlike faith the coming morrow,
When the awakening seems another birth,
When I shall find new life, new thought, new sorrow,
New work to do upon the broad, wide earth!

Guiding Star.

A LITTLE girl I know has a needle-book with two covers. On one is worked, with blue silk in tiny letters, *Forgive and Forget;* on the other, in crimson, *Bear and Forbear.* These two sentences are worth being written, not in silk only, but in gold; and my young friend's book has more wisdom outside it than is to be found inside many printed volumes.

For the Myrtle.

Doing Well.

Learn the lesson perfectly.
Thus, my little one,
Will you have the long life-task
Thoroughly begun.

To do *well* whate'er we do,
Makes all life success,
And our faithful efforts, God
Will not fail to bless.

E. M. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Orphans.

"HOW do you do? I am glad to see you, dear children. It seems a long time that we have been expecting this tardy steamer."

"Yes, we have been a long time coming, dear uncle. Nellie and I have often said, it seemed as if we should never get here."

"Well, here you are at last, and right welcome, I can assure you. Come this way, my carriage is waiting for us."

Harry and Nellie were quite willing to accept this invitation, for they had had a long voyage, and were very glad to touch shore again, and especially glad to find their uncle so cordial and glad to welcome them. These children were orphans. Their father had been dead more than a year, and now the mother had gone to join her husband in heaven, leaving these two children alone in the world.

And yet they were not quite alone, for their mother had a brother in America who had always kept up kindly relation with his family in England. When he heard of his sister's declining health, he wrote her to send the children to him, and he would be a friend to them as long as they needed his care.

Mrs. Glynn was made very happy by this offer, and she made all the arrangements for the children's journey before she died, and now they had made the passage safely and were in the new country which was henceforth to be their home.

Harry was named for his uncle, and as Mrs. Glynn had been his only sister, it seemed very natural that Mr. Simmons should feel a great delight in taking these children, and providing for them as if they had been his own.

The morning after their arrival, Harry said to his uncle:

"I would like to have a little talk with you this morning about our future, if you have time to spare, Uncle Harry."

"Yes, certainly my boy. Come into the library, and we can talk there without interruption."

Harry followed his uncle into the library, and as soon as they were seated, he said:

"Uncle Harry, I want to find something to do at once, for my own support and Nellie's, and I asked for this interview that I might consult you as to what is best for me to do, and how I am to get about doing it."

"Why, my boy," said Uncle Harry, "this looks like driving business for you to begin to talk of work when you have been but one day in America,"

"I know, sir, it may seem hasty, but mother told me before she died, that she did not wish me to be dependent upon any one. She said you would guide and advise me, but I must depend upon my own energy for support."

"Your mother was a very wise woman, Harry, and knew very well what was for your best good, but you must not be in too much of a hurry about going to business. You are not old enough yet to take hold of active business life, and I have not had you long enough with me to know what

you are best fitted for. I would like to put you and Nellie both at school for a while, and by-and-by, all in good time, we shall see what you are to do in the world."

"I would like very much," said Harry, "to be educated, but I have no money for that."

"I have plenty of money," said his uncle, "and I know no better use to make of it than to educate you and Nellie, and fit you for the struggle of life."

"But I should be disobeying mother if I allowed you to be at so much expense for me, and then Nellie must be taken care of. I cannot spare so many years."

"Ah," said Uncle Henry, laughing as he spoke, "boy-like, you think that girls cannot take care of themselves. We shall see, we shall see, Master Harry. I shall educate you both, and thus set you firmly on your feet in this slippery world, and then you will both be able to walk without help."

"Nothing would please me better," said Harry, "than this plan, if you will allow us to pay you back, after we are educated, for any expense that we may be to you during these dependent years."

"Yes, we can have that understanding, if you are so very independent."

So the arrangement is made, and the children have been put at school. Both of them are to go through college, and then select for themselves such occupation as shall seem best fitted for them, as Uncle Harry agrees with us that no boy or girl should grow into manhood or womanhood without a prospect of usefulness. If God allows us to live, we ought to promise ourselves and Him that we will live well. *E. M. B.*

How long it Takes to Make a Slice of Bread.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" cried Johnny, running in from play, "give me some bread and butter, quick, mother!"

"The bread is baking, so you must be patient," said his mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then asked if it was not done.

"No," answered his mother, "not quite yet."

"It seems to take a long while to make a slice of bread," said Johnny.

"Perhaps you don't know, Johnny, how long it does take," said mother.

"How long?" asked the little boy.

"The loaf was begun in the spring,"—Johnny opened his eyes wide—"it was doing all summer; it could not be finished until the autumn."

Johnny was glad it was autumn, if it took all that while; for so long a time to a hungry little boy was rather discouraging.

"Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said his mother. "The farmer dropped his seeds in the ground in April," she went on to say, partly to make waiting-time shorter, and more perhaps to drop a good seed by the way-side, "but the farmer could not make them grow. All the men in the world could not make a grain of wheat, much less all the men in the world make a stalk of wheat grow. An ingenious man could make something that looked like wheat. Indeed you often see ladies' bonnets trimmed with sprays of wheat made by the milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference."

"Put them in the ground, and see," said Johnny.

"That would certainly decide. The make-believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life within them, and God only gives life. The farmer, then, neither makes the corn, nor makes the corn grow, but he drops it into the ground and covers it up, that is his part, and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is he who sets mother earth nursing it with her warm juices. He sends the rain, he bids the sun to shine, he makes it spring up, first the tender shoot, and then the blades; and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather, to set up the stalks, throw out the leaves and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving, the corn grows no faster. God does not hurry his work; he does all things well."

By this time Johnny lost his impatience. He was thinking.

"Well," he said at last, "that's why we pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Before now, I thought it was you, mother, that gave us our daily bread; now I see it is God. We should not have a slice, if it wasn't for God, should we, mother?"—*Child at Home.*

IT is a duty we owe our God, to be as agreeable as possible to our fellow-men. If for no other reason, for the sake of making "humanity appear beautiful to them."

The Gifts of the Months.

This Dialogue for Sunday School Concerts or Exhibitions, has been prepared by Mrs. Potter, of Wakefield, who, in the long months of her confinement in an invalid's room, has kept a living, helpful interest in the church, and its nursery, the Sunday School. It is to be spoken by thirteen young girls. The twelve personating the months are each at the conclusion of their address to present their offering to the Queen, who receives and places the gift on the altar by her side. January, February, April, May, July, and November, bring their offerings in small baskets. June and December bring wreaths which the Queen twines around the altar, August brings a small sheaf of wheat.

JANUARY.

I come with my offerings, O queen of the year,
With frost-bordered garments, but heart full of cheer,
From hillside and valley my treasures I bring,
And glittering gems from the far mountain spring.
Then take my white snow wreaths, dear Queen, may they be
A type of thy life, and thy heart's purity.

FEBRUARY.

The earth is deserted, and cold the winds blow,
No blossom dare venture to peep through the snow.
I found in a nook of the lone sheltered wood,
Where guardian trees like sentinels stood,
These soft clinging mosses, so humble and gray,
And these as my tribute I offer to-day.
Accept my poor offering Love counts but the will,
And friendship's devotion no winter can chill.

MARCH.

I, too, have searched the forest dim,
And heard the pine trees whispered hymn;
I bring to thee, O gracious Queen,
Chaplets of fadeless evergreen.

APRIL.

'Tis the morn of the Springtime, and up from the sod
Springs the beautiful grass where the fairies have trod.
You may trace their footsteps o'er valley and hill,
While their laughter rings out in the murmuring rill.
I have followed the path of the elf-king to glean
These gem laden grasses, O beautiful queen.

MAY.

I bring thee Spring blossoms — violets blue,
Drooping anemones, kissed by the dew,
Golden crowned daisies, and buttercups bold,
Trailing arbutus more precious than gold,
Nodding wake-robins and fair columbine,
These are the tributes I lay on thy shrine.

JUNE.

Queen, I bring thee royal roses,
Flushing like the sunset sky,
Worlds of tender loving meaning,
In their fragrant petals lie
Though amid their crimson splendor,
Hidden lurks the cruel thorn,
Let no paler, meaner chaplet,
Queen, thy royal brow adorn.
Canst thou read the roses' legend?
Love is ever fraught with gain,
While life's joys and tears are mingled,
Love shall ever conquer pain.

JULY.

Lilies I bring thee, O radiant queen,
Stately and fair 'mid their leaflets of June,
Fierce tiger-lilies gleam tameless and bright;
Rich golden lilies seem floating in light;
Burning red lilies that tremble and glow,
'Mid the pure fragrance of blossoms like snow,
Cavern or ocean no treasures may yield
So bright as the lilies that bloom in the field.

AUGUST.

Rich lies the harvest in valley and plain,
The hillsides are crowned with the bright-waving grain,
I bring as my tribute to lay at thy feet,
The glory of Summer, the fair golden wheat.

SEPTEMBER.

From fair purple vineyards glad hearted I come,
Dear sovereign, my tribute to pay,
The fruit of the orchard and wealth of the vine
I bring as my offering to-day.

OCTOBER.

I bring no fragrant blossoms, or wealth of golden sheaves,
Yet lay among thy treasures this crown of wayside leaves.
See in this golden settting the emerald's living green,
While in this leaf of crimson, rich veins of amber gleam,
The topaz' sunny splendor and ruby's burning ray,
And opal's changeful lustre are mingled in this spray.
An eastern prince's sceptre, or monarch's diadems,
Would pale before the glory of these rich woodland gems.

NOVEMBER.

And what shall I bring thee, O Queen of the year,
The blossoms are withered, earth's garments are sere,
The gold of the forest is tarnished and dim,
The winds of the Northland are chanting their hymn,
The wild birds are fled, but the gay squirrels roam
And gather rich stores for their snug Winter home
I've gleaned from the harvest. These brown nuts so sweet
Accept as the tribute I lay at thy feet.

DECEMBER.

I bring these Christmas garlands,
O gentle, lovely Queen,
The holly's scarlet berries,
And laurel's changeless green.
The earth lies wrapped in whiteness,
But o'er the drifting snow,
We hear the same glad anthem
The world heard long ago,
The same old joyful message
Floats over vale and hill,
To God the highest glory,
To earth and man good will.

QUEEN.

I thank you, dear months, for the offering you bring,
Each garland of Summer, and blossom of Spring,
For Autumn's rich treasures, and Winter's pure snows,
No gift can be poor that affection bestows.

But dear ones remember the Giver of all,
Who causeth the rain and each snowflake to fall,
He sendeth the sunshine each season to cheer,
With beauty and plenty He crowneth the year.

ALL JOIN IN THIS HYMN. — *Portugese Hymn.*

Oh God of the harvest, our voices we raise
In songs of thanksgiving, in anthems of praise,
Thy gifts rich and free in the hoar-frost are stored,
And Winter's fierce tempest fulfilleth thy word.

Thy mercy we trace in the soft vernal showers,
The light of thy smile giveth life to the flowers,
The glory of summer proclaims thou art near,
With beauty and goodness thou crownest the year.

Oh fill every heart rom thy o'erflowing love
Make dwellings on earth like thy kingdom above
Let no way-worn wanderer wearily roam,
But gather us all in thy Glad Harvest Home.

Doing for Bodies.

COLOSSIANS iii. 17.

We would like in our lesson to-day to talk with you about *doing*.

You are born into a world which needs the greatest activity of all its workers. There is something for every one to do. And it belongs to us each to find what is our part, and when we have found it, to do it faithfully.

Let us see what part these little ones can perform in the great world's work. We are in the first month of the New Year, and a great many things must be done in 1875. First, the e are in this world nearly 1,000 000 000 mouths to feed. Does not this seem an enormous work of itself? If there were nothing but this to do, it wou'd seem at the first glance that nothing beside this could be done. Think how many grains ot wheat and rye and barley, and how many kernels of corn must be put into the ground, not to mention the fruits and vegetables and animals, that must be grown to keep this whole great army of human beings from starving.

But no one pair of hands, no one people or nation, will have all this work to do. God has provided that every mouth shall have a pair of hands accompanying it, when it comes into this world, and when the hands are folded in death, the mouth at the same moment ceases to need supplies.

Does it not seem to you, dear children, that the lesson God intended you to learn from this distribution of hands and mouths, is that each person is to earn the food which their own body requires. Of course God does not expect that very little children will earn their food, for they are not strong enough, or wise enough yet to begin to do this. But they are to think about this kind of doing, and resolve that when they are large enough and old enough to work, they will take hold actively of this part of life and without leaning on others, will independently take care of their own bodies, will feed these bodies enough to keep them in good working order, and clothe them sufficiently to prevent their perishing with cold. I would like to have you read this last sentence over again, and think earnestly of what it says.

It seems to me to contain the Gospel for bodies. Very many people make mistakes in their action concerning the bodily life. They act as if they thought their bodies were all of them. They live to eat and to clothe themselves. Every day they are thinking, from the morning until the evening, what they can have cooked to please their stomachs, and what they shall buy to make the outside of their bodies look beautiful. Many of these people work very hard to get these luxuries, and they are constantly anxious lest they shall not get money enough to supply these desires. Now if they were wise in this Gospel concerning bodies most of this anxiety might be saved them. The real bodily needs are very few. Any industrious pair ot hands may easily supply them, and much time be left for the other and higher needs of which we shall tell you in other lessons.

Once a committee of men went half way round the world, to tempt one of Europe's wise men to do a work, to which he was not inclined. They found him living very plainly, with no luxuries about him, and seeing these evidences of his poverty, they thought they had him in their power. When he had refused, after they had laid other inducements before him, one of the committee said, "If you accept our offer, your worldly circumstances will be very much improved."

Kossuth replied, "This does not weigh with me. My bodily wants are few, and they do not master me."

Can you not remember this lesson, dear children? Bodies are only houses in which we live for a little time. We ought to keep these houses in good repair so that they will not hinder us while we tarry in them. But this is all we owe them, for we are travellers seeking a country, and if we live but to eat and drink, and be clothed, we are losing time on the all important journey.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of twenty-eight letters.
My 15, 18, 19, is a very useful utensil in housekeeping.
My 22, 25, 23, is a nickname.
My 17, 21, 26, is a small animal.
My 19, 6, 7, 8, is to go away.
My 20, 1, 26, 22, 14, is a girl's name.
My 3, 10, 27, is a conjunction.
My 9, 12, is a personal pronoun.
My 28, 1, 5, 11, is a kind of goods.
My whole is a command of our Saviour.

Answer to Enigma No. 1.

JAN. 2. Herod; Saviour; Galilee; Gentiles; Andrew; Loving Father; Naioth; Kish; Lot; Dothan; too; O! "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is Love." 1 John v. 8.

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